

localities, and the most fertile of the whole. This is the characteristic of our whole Atlantic coast from the British to the Mexican territories.

His second inference is, that in inland, hilly, rolling country, with tolerably dry atmosphere, is most favorable to the wool-bearing, or the felled-cloth producing sheep. He is of opinion, that with the exception of the Atlantic strip, and some other oceanic regions, the United States is the best country in the world for the production of fine wool and fabrics. Dr. Brown supposes that a large proportion of the sheep among us are mongrels or hybrids, producing a mixture of wool and hair. It is exceedingly important, however, to separate the two kinds, and to breed none but the pure blood of one sort or the other.

We have in the United States 180,328,000 acres of unimproved lands, and yet the little territory of Australia, which Mr. Webster told Hulseman was so small a patch on the map of the world as hardly to be discernible, possesses a good many more sheep than we do, numbering in that diminutive country about seventeen millions; whereas we can only boast of fourteen millions. Of the product of these seventeen millions, America exports annually to the value of twenty-five millions of dollars, retaining for her own use eight millions' worth. On the contrary, the product of our sheep is annually but \$2,376,959, pounds, leaving a deficit of \$1,345,970 pounds to be imported from abroad for the supply of our own manufactures. How desirable is it on account of their meat, now selling at eighteen cents a pound, as well as for their fleeces, that our hills and valleys should be enlivened by these beautiful and valuable creatures, without which a landscape cannot deserve the name of picturesque.—*Newark Advertiser.*

The Medical Profession.

The American Medical Gazette of June gives a remarkably interesting letter from an American medical student in Paris. The writer says that he once heard Magendie, the celebrated French physician and physiologist, open a lecture somewhat in the following manner:

Gentlemen: Medicine is a great thing. I know it is called a science—science, indeed! It is nothing like science. Doctors are more empirics, when they are not charlatans. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything about medicine? Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to come here to hear my lecture, and I must tell you frankly now, in the beginning, that I know nothing in the world about medicine, and I don't know anybody that does know anything about it. Don't think for a moment that I haven't read the bills advertising the course of lectures at the medical school; I know that this man teaches anatomy, that man teaches pathology, another man physiology, such as one teaches, such another materia medica.—*Et bien c'est tout.* What's known about all that? Why, gentlemen, at the school of Montpellier, (God knows it was famous once in its day) they discarded the study of anatomy, and taught nothing but the dispensary; and doctors educated there knew as much, and were quite as successful, as any other. I repeat it, nobody knows anything about medicine. True enough, we are gathering facts every day. We can produce typhus fever, for example, by injecting certain substances into the veins of a dog—that's something. We can alleviate diabetes, and I see distinctly we are fast approaching the day when phthisis can be cured as easily as any disease.

We are collecting facts in the right spirit, and I dare say in a century or so the accumulation of facts may enable our successors to form a medical science; but I repeat it to you, there is no such a medical science now. Who can tell how to cure the headache or the gout or disease of the heart? Nobody. Oh! you tell me doctors cure people. I grant you people are cured. But how are they cured? Gentlemen, nature does a great deal. Doctors do—but little—when they don't do harm. Let me tell you generally what I did when I was the head physician at Hotel Dieu. Some three or four thousand patients passed through my hands every year. I divided the patients into two classes; with one I followed the dispensary, and gave them the usual medicine, without having the least idea why or wherefore; to the other I gave bread pills and colored water, without, of course, letting them know anything about it; and occasionally, gentlemen, I would create a third division, to whom I gave nothing whatever. These last would get a good deal, they would feel they were neglected, (sick people always feel they are neglected) unless they are well drugged—*le-malade!*—and they would irritate themselves until they got really sick, but nature invariably came to the rescue, and all the persons in the third class got well. There was a little mortality among those who received both bread pills and colored water, and the mortality was greatest among those who were carefully drugged according to the dispensary.

CULTURE OF THE BLACKBERRY.—The Agriculturist has the following with reference to the lowland blackberry:

"As a market crop, we think this blackberry would pay well. They are as easily cultivated as a corn crop, and need no second planting. Set them six or eight feet apart, and the only care required is to keep out weeds, and the excess of plants that continually spring up all over the ground if not kept down. Mulching the ground, that is, covering it over with a layer of straw or refuse hay, is useful. It would be well to walk into the soil a good supply of yard manure before setting out the plants. On poor soil an occasional top dressing of manure may be given."

"It will be noticed by those unskilled in blackberry culture, that, like the raspberry, fruit is only produced upon canes of the previous summer's growth. The plants can be set in autumn or spring, though we much prefer autumn, as they get well rooted and usually yield more new canes the following summer than if not set until spring."

"The plants bear transplanting and carrying well. The chief caution to be observed is, to have the ground ready prepared before planting the plants, and set them at once, without exposure to sun or wind. The same remark applies to raspberries, and indeed to all other plants. They appear, bred far, to grow well on almost any soil. Some recommend moist loam, or even clay. The best growth and fruiting we have seen is upon a rocky side hill, though perhaps not better than others on a dark muck and peaty soil. We should not hesitate to put them upon any soil, except a very sandy one, or one subject to standing water."

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Only One Page of a Ledger.

The experience of our money market for the last fortnight has been so severe enough to burn in some useful lessons on themselves, and yet, judging from the past, there will probably be forgotten as soon as we are once more out of the breakers. It is well, therefore, while our calamities are so upon us, that we should follow the advice of Captain Cuttle, and make notes of them. If our merchants should devote a single page of the ledger to the posting up of the errors and burdens of which they are now so exhibitory, they might find it at some future day to be the most profitable account in the whole alphabet.

"ADVANCE 18th, '57.—Refused discount at bank. Couldn't raise money to pay duties, and obliged to warehouse a valuable importation of goods. Cashier says come again next offering day. 21st.—Went and found matters ten times worse. Saw the President, who told me I deserved to be pitched for importing so heavily, and that I couldn't come there again for six weeks. Couldn't discount a dollar. Concluded to call on B. and borrow a few thousands. Found note on my desk from B. begging me to lend him some money, or he would break. Tried C. Same luck. 22d.—Pitched out at another bank. Customers in, wanting to see that fresh importation. Spent three hours trying to borrow enough to pay the duties. No success. 24th.—Ohio Life and Trust company failed. Tried to sell paper in the streets at three per cent. a month. No buyers. Fortunately remittance from the West—know the post-mark—Jones is a good fellow. Draft five thousand dollars on the Trust Company! 25th.—Note on collaterals due at the bank. Couldn't get it renewed for a dollar. Male temporary loan. Stocks down 20 per cent. Best securities unsaleable at half price. 26th.—Loan called in. Began to feel chocky in the throat. No appetite. Tried to sell my importation of dry goods at twenty per cent. less. Nobody any money to buy. Went home sick. 27th.—Resolved never to put myself in the power of the banks again. Miserable institutions. Spent the whole day trying to borrow, and barely escaped protest. My own notes sunk in my face at three per cent. a month. Overhead broker says, 'You're a gone man, if you can't take your own paper at that price.' Feel very much so, but got to keep a stiff upper lip. 28th.—Four bankers failed. Thousands worse than in 1837. Feet sore with running about to raise money. Can't collect a dollar from the money. Everybody out on the same business—all borrowers, no lenders. Desk full of bills receivable, perfectly useless. Specie line of the banks down to nine millions. Wish I'd never seen a piece of foreign dry goods. Would have been as easy as an old shoe if I had not imported. I had no business to build that new house; the old one good enough. Ought to have been content with the moderate things; and lived on half the money. Store rent too high. Obligated to spread out too much on credit to pay expenses. 29th.—Neighbor failed—bank failed. Friend came to ask if the rumor of my failure was true. Air black with foul reports. Half-past two P. M., accounts over drawn and notes unpaid. With a page like this occasionally to fill open before him, as he looks over his ledger, a man might become a more prudent dealer, and learn to give up the ambition of display for the sake of moderate success, an easy digestion and sound sleep. He might learn also to trace his misfortunes to their real source, instead of charging them on banks; for, happily, a man may govern his own affairs successfully, in spite of the faults of his administration.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

The Princess Royal's Wedding Dress.

The Princess Royal of England is now the "observed of all observers." The time rolls on which is to take her to her new country. While it is passing, she is looked upon with that interest it is so natural to feel in those we are about to lose.

The wedding robe in which she is first to be saluted in the character of wife is progressing, to be ready for the day on which it is to be enacted that most heart-stirring and engrossing event.

The Princess Royal is to be married in a dress of Houston lace, as was her august mother before her. Those who know the tedious nature of the manufacture will not be surprised to hear that its cost amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds. We are not able to say what is to be the price of the robe now in preparation, but are happy to be able to speak of its artistic design, which has been approved as well for taste as for patriotism. Its pattern is composed of our national emblems, the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, beautifully interspersed, and producing effects equally light, graceful, and elegant. When it is remembered that every bud and flower, spray and spire, are each and all formed by the young lace maker on the pillow resting on her knee, the amount of female labor will appear stupendous. Not the most tiny leaf, or the swelling of a single line of meandering stem, but has cost so much of human time, which is, indeed, nothing less than human life.

At the same time that this exquisite and elaborate work is progressing, another robe is also engaging the time and thoughts of the Houston lace-makers. The design for this second piece of gossamer might also lead to the expectation that it was intended to envelop the youthful form of a princess' bridesmaid. It is adorned with lines of the valley, as emblematic in their purity as they are graceful, the delicate hanging bells, nestling under the broad leaves; nature herself being the artist, copied with so much skill by the delicate threads, guided by the dexterous fingers.

The wedding handkerchief is also in progress. It is composed of a splendid border of most elaborate workmanship, while in the centre the royal arms of England are copied by the same process, being a perfect marvel in the lace making art.

No wonder that the sight of the princess in the first blush of her youth, the daughter of a queen, herself a queen in expectation, surrounded by all that throws a dazzling and a blinding charm over the mortal state, should, from the very splendors of her high position, lead us to thoughts of the village girls, who, for so many hours, and day and weeks, and months, are plying their busy labors, industriously engaged in weaving her wedding robe.

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Capt. Dorr, uniting in his interest in the welfare and appreciation of Mrs. Becker, presented her case to the Association so strongly, that it was at once decided that the medal was due her. In May of the present year it reached him, and he forwarded it to Mr. Acton, the Collector of Customs at Port Rowan. A picnic was arranged, and very largely attended, and the presentation took place on that occasion. We wish that we had space for Mr. Acton's remarks, for they are eminently eloquent and appropriate to the event. On behalf of Mrs. Becker, Mr. Backhouse, J. P. of Port Rowan, read a reply full of womanly gratification for the honor bestowed upon her, and overflowing with gratitude to Capt. Dorr, who had striven so well and so successfully to secure a proper recognition for her services to human life in peril.

But our crowded space forbids us to do more than offer our own tribute of admiration. Mrs. Becker no longer lives in the humble fisherman's hut from which she labored to rescue the crew of the "Conductor." On that dreary night she won for herself, not only the homage of all good men, but a comfortable home, in which she now resides, and where, we trust, the evening of her days may pass in paths of pleasantness.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

WHEAT GROWING.—In New England, the farmers often raise excellent "spring wheat," by pursuing the following course: They plow very deep, and make the soil fine, and manure very generously; they sow the best seed, they sow two bushels—sometimes more—to the acre. We have seen wheat fields growing on the mountain sides, in Massachusetts, which have yielded thirty bushels to the acre. We know one farmer, in that State, who has paid attention to this matter, and who says that there is no difficulty in raising excellent wheat in abundance in New England. He has a mountain farm himself, and yet he rarely raises less than twenty-five bushels to the acre. He raises spring wheat only, and takes the greatest pains in every respect. Such facts as these, from New England, are admonitory and encouraging to us of the West. All we need to secure large crops of wheat, as regularly as other crops, is to take due pains that in circumstances, far less favorable, give to the farmers in New England good crops of the same grain. We would say, then, do the following things:

1. Have your land in the best possible condition, by draining, and the best plowing and harrowing.

2. See that it is rich, either naturally, or by the use of manure. Manure should either be well rotted, or applied with previous crops.

3. Get the very best seed, taking the advice of the best farmers; make it perfectly clean; use none but the plumpest kernels.

4. To prevent rust, use the preparation of lime and lime, which we have several times mentioned in the Farmer.

5. Do not be sparing of the seed; two bushels to the acre is not much.

6. Sow early and cover evenly and well. These are old suggestions, well understood by practiced farmers, but a great many do not understand them; and many who do fail to practice them. We therefore insert them not, (while farmers are preparing their ground for wheat,) hoping they may be of use. We have no sympathy with the despairing feeling which prompts men to abandon the growing of wheat. Intelligent and careful culture may secure generous crops still.

A LOVE SCENE OVERHEAD AND PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPRODUCED BY FREDERICK PHOTODUPLICATION.—Phases of the plaid sighted the lover, "plumy my feelings when I perceive the plumed consequences of my plucking phorom pur phather's phantily. Phew phellows phould have placed the music with as much phortitude as I have; and as phickle phorine phais to smile on our loves, I phind I phust phorego the phedicty of becoming your husband. Pharest Phrases, pharephore phorever!" "Hold Phrakling, hold!" phratically exclaimed Phrases, "I will phellow you phorever!" But Phrakling phile and Pharesis phainted.

What may a cat lay that nothing else has? Kittens.

Female Heroism Rewarded.

All our readers will recollect the thrill of pleasure and admiration with which, nearly two years since, they perused the account of our columns of the heroic conduct of Mrs. Abigail Becker, of Long Point, Canada West, that woman of a thousand, who rescued the captain, mate, and five seamen of the threatened schooner, Conductor. Driven ashore at four o'clock in the morning of a bleak November day, the crew, clinging till evening to the rigging in a blizzard, snow-storm, while the waves rose in mounds of ice as they washed over the deserted deck. Late in the afternoon, Mrs. Becker, with a child, appeared on the beach, built a fire, and beckoned to the crew to swim ashore. Captain plunged in, and almost on the verge of death, was rescued by Abigail Becker, who walked into the water neck-deep, and dragged him ashore, hardly able herself to contend against the fierce undertow which endangered her life every moment. So one by one all came ashore, and one by one, this heroic daughter of them from the arms of death, contending with the freezing waves with a strength given her by an Almighty arm. Only one man remained clinging to the shrouds, while Mrs. Becker paced the beach, beckoning him to come on, and exclaiming, Oh, my God! if I could save that man, I should be happy! And she did save him. With her clothes frozen to her body, she took the seaman to her hut and warmed a d d fed him.

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